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Sold by Crenshaw & Young

LOCAL BRIEFS.

J. H. Briggs was in Kansas City Sunday.

Save the little chicks from indigestion, Bowel Trouble, Diarrhea, etc. Conkey's Cholera Cure in the drinking water is guaranteed by Leroy Farmer. Price 50 cents.

Harry St. Clair was in Kansas City Sunday.

A Positive Cure For Dandruff.

ZEMO stops itching instantly and cures any case of Dandruff or itching scalp. ZEMO destroys the dandruff and prevents falling hair. It will give the hair a rich glossy color and leave the scalp clean and healthy.

For sale everywhere. Write for sample, E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St. Louis. Sold in Lexington by C. W. Loomis.

Capt. Fred Day was in Kansas City Sunday.

Words to Freeze the Soul.

"Your son has consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens, a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C. by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it has did for my boy." Infallible for coughs and colds, its safest, surest cure of desperate lung diseases on earth. 50c and 1.00. Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free. Sold by Crenshaw & Young.

Ben Wiley and Barrett Bates spent Sunday in Slater.

If you expect to get the best and most reliable preparation for kidney trouble, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatism, rheumatic pains, weak back and backache you must get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They act promptly and are sure. Sold by all druggists.

Miss Maud Hagood spent Sunday in Higginsville.

Of Interest to Women.

Don't slave at the wash-tub! A new invention which does away with hard work on wash-day. In order to introduce our pump and have your neighbors know all about it we offer for thirty days, our \$3.00 washer almost free. It saves your hands, time and temper. All you have to do is to put clothes in tub and move the handle of the pneumatic clothes-washer up and down. The pump does the rest in half the time. It does the work easier and better than the \$4.00 machines. Send \$1.00, send now for this washer—providing you agree to demonstrate it to your next door neighbors. Money returned if not satisfied. Send 25 cents more if you want us to pay express. Descriptive pamphlet sent on request.

Write at once to Pierce & Baker, 664 Washington Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. J. F. Forster visited in Higginsville Saturday.

You who have occasional trouble from indigestion, such as sour stomach, belching of gas, sour risings and weak stomach, should not delay a moment to help the stomach digest the food; for all these little ailments, annoying both to yourself and to others, are caused simply by undigested food in the stomach. Kodol for Dyspepsia and Indigestion taken occasionally will soon relieve you of all the simple stomach ailments that you now have, but which may be more serious later. Try Kodol today and take it on our guarantee. We know it will do what we say it will do. Sold by all druggists.

Mrs. E. A. Hickman spent Monday in Kansas City.

Glover Branch returned to Jefferson City Sunday evening.

Pine salve Carbollized acts like a poultice and draws out inflammation. For chapped skin, for cuts, burns, sores, bruises, skin diseases. Should be kept in every home. Price 25 cents. Sold by C. W. Loomis.

Gus Weber returned from Kansas City Sunday evening.

For Sale.

Ready for service Poland boars and gilts. Near Prairie church. 4-101f A. P. Young.

COALS
of FIRE

By **ALFRED STODDARD**

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The sun had mounted high in the heavens and was shining indulgently upon the pomp and glory of the Meadowthorpe Hunt club's annual horse show when Ralph Goring's dog-cart drew up by the ring-side. The groom sprang to the horse's head and Ralph and Satterlee leaped down, the former to join a group of horsemen who were inspecting the horses in the ring, and the latter to look for Grace Rawlings.

Satterlee was stopping with Goring for the horse show at Oak Lodge. Ralph's jolly little "hunting-box," as he liked to call it. The first time Satterlee had visited Meadowthorpe he had felt keenly his lack of horsemanship, for Meadowthorpe is a sporting community. On this occasion, however, he felt more at ease, having taken a tedious course of lessons in a New York riding school during the past winter.

To tell the truth, he was horribly afraid of horses and hated the very sight of them, but Grace Rawlings, the Chicago heiress, was staying with the Bradburys—Bradbury was the "M. F. H."—and Satterlee's fortunes were at such a point that his only hope lay in heiresses. Besides, in Rome one must do as the Romans do, and here at Meadowthorpe horse-show Satterlee's horsey attire was quite as pronounced, if not more so, as that of any of the other men.

He wore a snuff-colored coat with a red waistcoat, brown riding breeches and leggings. Indeed, he was very smartly turned out. At the last moment, however, he had welcomed the opportunity of driving over to the show with Goring in his dog-cart instead of cantering over on a polo pony, the conveyance adopted by most of Goring's guests.

Satterlee found Miss Rawlings occupying a colin of vantage on the box seat of the Bradbury's drag, and was welcomed by her with a gracious smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Satterlee," she cried; "I am greatly flattered that you should speak to me at all."

"Flattered?" repeated Satterlee. "How could I flatter you? I don't understand."

"Oh, I expected to be entirely neglected to-day. With such an imposing array of beautiful horses, a mere girl ought not to expect any attention at all."

"But I assure you, Miss Rawlings, that if all the horses in the world were assembled in one place I could not see them while you were near."

"Very nicely said, indeed," said Miss Rawlings with a smile. "But, alas! I see that you are in your riding clothes, and you will probably leave me in five minutes to ride some one's horse in the saddle class."

Satterlee smiled. "Just to show you how wrong you are I intend to remain here by your all day. I had promised to ride one or two horses, but I will cancel my engagements."

"Indeed, you must not do anything of the sort; I cannot allow it," insisted Miss Rawlings. She was visibly pleased, however, much to the disgust of Harding, who had come up just in time to hear part of their conversation.

Wentworth Harding was from Chicago also, and was known to admire Miss Rawlings immensely. He and Grace had known each other since they were both children, and it was not very strange, therefore, that he rather resented Satterlee's cool appropriation of the heiress.

"I did not know you were such a keen horseman, Satterlee," he said, mischievously. But Satterlee was not to be taken off his guard.

"Oh, I ride a good deal," he said, carelessly. "But I don't care much for anything but 'cross-country' riding; it gets rather tiresome on the flat." He had made his bluff and determined to stand by it.

Harding did not know whether to be angry or amused. He knew that Satterlee could barely stick on a horse, and it made him rage inwardly to hear that enterprising youth boast of his prowess to Grace. He realized, however, that it would never do to ridicule Satterlee in her presence, for she seemed more than favorably impressed with him, so he choked his wrath and hastened off to where Ralph Goring and a group of his friends were standing. To them he related Satterlee's remarks, much to their delectation. Harding's wrath, however, was unabated, and he cast about in his mind for some means of felling the hateful rival who was, for the present, at least, triumphant over him; for Grace Rawlings had let him go without a word while she listened to Satterlee's boasting. He and Grace were friends of long standing, but she did not encourage his love-making. In his despair he sought Mrs. Bradbury, with whom he was a great favorite, and forthwith a plan of campaign was outlined between them for the discomfiture of Satterlee.

Beatrice Halliday, who had once given Percival Satterlee a little lesson in horsemanship, was sought by the

inspirators and urged to enter into their plot. They found her only too willing to do so. Her horse, Rocket, had been entered in the class for hunters, and Rocket had carved out a name for himself in the Meadowthorpe country. A few minutes later, just as Satterlee had excused himself and left Miss Rawlings, "just long enough," as he explained, "to beg off riding those horses," Mrs. Bradbury and Beatrice, in arm, approached the Bradbury drag, upon which the heiress was sitting.

Beatrice's countenance wore a look of anxiety which admirably concealed the diabolical plot which she was forwarding, while both Mrs. Bradbury and Harding, who assisted them to mount the drag, looked innocently unconscious.

"Grace, dear," said Mrs. Bradbury, sweetly, "it seems you are favored above all other women, and Beatrice has come to ask your influence."

"My influence!" laughed Miss Rawlings. "With whom, pray?"

"Why, Percy Satterlee, of course. You know he is considered the best 'cross-country' rider in New York."

"No, really!" exclaimed the heiress; then, remembering Satterlee's careless remarks, "To be sure, I have heard that he rode very well."

"Of course you have," said Beatrice, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, the favor I want to ask is simply this. I am dying to have Mr. Satterlee ride my horse, Rocket, in the hunter class, but I dare not ask him. Rocket is a good horse but a little headstrong, and it takes a good rider like Mr. Satterlee to show him to advantage."

"I am sure," said Miss Rawlings, "that Mr. Satterlee would be only too delighted to ride for you if you asked him. Why don't you?"

"No, no! He would refuse, I am sure. He is so modest about his horsemanship. You would think he couldn't ride at all. Please, Miss Rawlings, do this for me. I beg of you," cried Beatrice. "I am going to drive home for luncheon, but will come back here in about an hour for the answer. Remember, I depend upon your influence."

So saying, Beatrice got down from the drag and went with Harding to seek her own carriage. Presently Satterlee returned, and luncheon having been spread by the servants from the capacious hampers which were carried in the boot of the drag, a merry party assembled to dispatch it.

Satterlee paid devoted court to the heiress throughout the informal meal. When it was finished and the men had lighted their pipes and cigars, he and Grace strolled away from the rest of the party.

They talked of many things, and finally their conversation turned to the coming race.

"I want you to do something for me. I want you to ride a certain horse in the hunter class," said Grace.

"Why, of course," replied Satterlee, "but whose horse is it?"

Satterlee's heart had almost stopped beating, and it was all he could do to prevent his knees from smiting each other, but it would never do to betray such tendencies.

"I am not going to tell you just now," answered Miss Rawlings as they rejoined the party. She was delighted with her success in persuading Satterlee to do something which he would not do for such a favorite as Beatrice Halliday.

So when that charming young sportswoman joined them after lunch, Grace was all smiles.

"I have secured your rider for you, Miss Halliday," she cried triumphantly. "Mr. Satterlee says he will be delighted to ride Rocket. Won't you, Mr. Satterlee?"

"Ride Rocket! Great heavens!" ejaculated Satterlee mentally. Ride Rocket, the brute that had nearly done for him once, a horse known and feared as a terror even among the hard riders of the Meadowthorpe set! Was the woman mad?

But he pulled himself together with a might effort. He saw that Beatrice was looking at him with eyes full of ill-disguised mirth; but he knew it was his only chance to win the heiress. So he set his teeth and braced himself to murmur with an easy nonchalance:

"Of course. Delighted, I'm sure."

Then he treated Miss Halliday to a look of deliberate defiance, which almost disconcerted her. She could afford to yield him a point, however. The plot was progressing merrily.

"It is awfully good of you," Beatrice murmured. "Now I am sure of the blue ribbon."

Presently the rumor commenced to spread that Satterlee was going to ride Rocket in the hunter class. People began coming up to the Bradbury drag by twos and threes to congratulate him on his nerve; some of them to pretend to dissuade him from his purpose.

But Satterlee was not to be daunted. He knew as well as anyone that he was the victim of general mirth, but fortunately Grace, a comparative stranger to Meadowthorpe, knew nothing about horses in general or Rocket in particular. Hearing of the latter's reputation from every side, however, she now became alarmed on Satterlee's account and begged him not to ride such an ill-tempered brute.

Satterlee only laughed and gently reassured her. If it were intended that any horse should kill him, he would have been dead years ago, he told her.

To the others who came up Satterlee vouchsafed few replies, but contented himself by staring at them defiantly through his monocle. As the report spread and the time for the hunter class drew near he became the object of even more general interest. He saw himself being pointed out

from a distance, and little groups of people, entire strangers to him, congregated in front of the drag to gaze at him and point him out to each other.

Really, he was quite the hero of the hour, and he began to enjoy the sensation.

But his enjoyment received a sudden shock when he beheld the attendants dragging a number of formidable-looking hurdles into the ring. There was a stiff post-and-rail fence, an ugly in-and-out, and a hedge.

The time had come when he must do or die, and he almost wished that he might choose the latter alternative. Only he wanted to die comfortably in a bed, not to have his brains kicked out by a diabolical brute on the tank of the ring.

It was now or never. Sink or swim, come what might, the die was cast, so he bade Miss Rawlings a touching adieu and went to mount Rocket.

Beatrice Halliday was standing by Rocket's head. A groom assisted Satterlee to mount.

"You don't know how much I appreciate this," she said to the latter, sweetly.

"Oh, yes, I do," he returned from between his set teeth. "I know just exactly how much you appreciate it, and some day I will return the favor."

With which sinister threat he set off for the entrance to the ring, the groom holding Rocket tightly by the head. The bugle played a fan-fare as Satterlee entered.

In another moment, however, she had given vent to a piercing shriek and covered her face with her hands; for the moment the groom had released Rocket's head, that enterprising animal had whirled himself around and thrown himself high into the air on his hind legs, pawing frantically at the atmosphere with his forefeet. Satterlee grabbed at the reins, but one of them was lost. He could only tug desperately with the other, and the result was that in an instant man and horse were both sprawling in the tank-bark.

Fortunately Satterlee had fallen clear of the horse, but he lay absolutely motionless, as though dead. When Grace looked again he was being borne from the ring in this condition by a number of men who had rushed to his assistance.

In a very short time she was bending over him where he lay on a couch in the club-house. He was breathing quite regularly, but his eyes were closed and he appeared to be insensible. A doctor was making a hasty examination of him, but beyond a slight cut on his forehead, which was bleeding quite freely, he did not seem to be seriously injured.

Satterlee, who knew this as well as anyone, lay quite still, keeping his eyes closed by a mighty effort.

"They have ruled Rocket out for bad manners," he heard someone say on the club-house porch.

"Do you think he will die, doctor?" implored Grace in an agonized tone.

"Oh, no," returned the physician cheerfully; "at least not this time. With careful treatment I am sure he will recover. But I can't understand why he does not regain consciousness. I think perhaps I had better bleed him."

"The deuce you do," said Satterlee, and he opened his eyes. A glad cry escaped Grace, and the doctor's eyes twinkled.

"I will leave him in your care a few minutes, Miss Rawlings," he said. "He needs rest and quiet. You must keep people away from him."

"But I must ride that horse," said Satterlee, making a motion as though to get up. Grace's hand gently detained him.

"You cannot," she said. "Rocket is ruled out, and so he ought to be. What a dreadful, dreadful horse! How can I ever atone to you for asking you to ride him?"

Satterlee smiled. "You can atone for it, but I am afraid the penance will be too great."

"Nothing can be too great. I am writhed about it."

Then said Satterlee tenderly, seizing her hand, "You can atone, Grace, by becoming my wife."

Miss Rawling's face became suddenly rosy-red, and to conceal her embarrassment she buried it in her dainty handkerchief.

"Oh, Mr. Satterlee," she whispered, "you are such a dashing knight."

Satterlee extricated her mouse-questaire from beneath his red waistcoat and once again kissed it tenderly. The heiress was touched and her eyes filled with tears.

"If I do, Percy," she said, leaning over him, "will you make me one promise?"

"I will promise anything, everything, my darling—only say you will be mine."

"Then promise me on your sacred word of honor that you will never again ride horseback."

Satterlee pretended to hesitate. "You have asked me to give up a great deal," he said, "but I promise—I promise."

Then, forgetting his wounded condition, he jumped to his feet and kissed her, much to the dismay of Wentworth Harding and Beatrice Halliday, who chanced to look in from the club-house porch at that moment.

It was not until after his marriage that Satterlee took his threatened revenge on Beatrice. One day she received a package from a fashionable jeweler, and upon opening it she found that it contained a pin in the form of a dainty gold horse-shoe, upon the arch of which the word "Rocket" was spelled in letters of pearls and diamonds.

Satterlee's card came with it, and over the name he had scribbled: "Coals of Fire."

Trustee's Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, as trustee, will sell the following described real estate situated in the County of Lafayette and State of Missouri, viz: The Southwest quarter of Section 33, in Township 35, and Range 23, and the Southwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of said Section 33, excepting the life estate of Annie K. Williams in the East 1/2 acre of the South half of said southwest quarter of said Section 33, said life estate being the homestead and dower of said Annie K. Williams, set apart to her out of the land of Thomas F. Williams, by the Circuit Court of said county at Lexington.

Said sale will be at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, on

SATURDAY THE 15TH DAY OF MAY, 1909.

between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. of that day, at the front door of the Court house in the City of Lexington, in said Lafayette county, and State of Missouri, and will be made a virtue of the authority given to the undersigned, by a certain deed of trust dated the first day of June, 1899, and recorded on the 22nd day of June, 1899, in Book 191, in the Recorder's office of said Lafayette county, whereby Thomas F. Williams and Annie K. Williams, his wife, conveyed said real estate to the undersigned, as trustee, to secure the payment of the promissory notes therein described; default having been made in the payment of said principal note and interest, and the legal owner and holder of said note having requested the undersigned to sell said real estate to pay the said debt, and the cost of executing the trust.

JOSEPH O. LESUREUR, Trustee.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas Herman Cronce (now more than nine months deceased) and Florence Cronce, his wife, by their certain deed of Trust dated June 28, 1908, acknowledged and filed for record June 28, 1908, and recorded in Book 191 of the Recorder of 1 ceds for Lafayette County, Missouri, in Book 191 at page 120 conveying to the undersigned trustee the following described tracts and lots of land, situated and lying in said Lafayette County, Missouri, viz: Beginning on the south line of South street in the city of Lexington, said County and State 27 1/2 feet to the west of the intersection of the south line of South street with the west line of Old Independence road, running thence South one half degree, East 30 feet, thence west of line parallel with South street 150 feet; thence North one half degree West 125 feet thence East parallel with South street 55 feet; thence South one half degree, East 125 feet to Bloom street and being a lot of ground in the Southwest corner of land sold by Oswald Winkler to Gustavus E. Harron by deed dated May 2, 1894, and having a frontage on Bloom street of 125 feet and running North 125 feet and being a part of the Northwest quarter of section 34, Township 35, Range 22, which said deed was made in trust to secure the payment of said promissory note and the interest thereon in said deed described, and

Whereas default has been made in the payment of the interest on said note and the said interest remains due and unpaid and therefore the whole debt has become due and payable. Now therefore this is to give notice that the undersigned Trustee by virtue of the powers in me vested under said deed of trust and pursuant to the provisions of said deed of trust and at the request of the legal holder and owner of said note so secured to be paid in said deed of trust, will on

MONDAY, MAY 18th, 1909

between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of that day at the Court house door in the city of Lexington, Lafayette county, Missouri, offer for sale and sell at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash in hand the said property above described for the purpose of paying the amount due upon said note together with the costs and expenses of said trust and sale.

Given under my hand this 9th day of April, 1909.

CHARLES LYONS, Trustee.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and other persons interested in the estate of Henry Dierker, deceased, that the undersigned administrator will apply to make a final settlement of said estate at the May term, 1909, of the Probate Court of Lafayette county, Missouri, to be begun and held at the probate court room, in the city of Lexington, on the second Monday in May, 1909.

JOHN H. DIERKER, Administrator.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and other persons interested in the estate of Sarah A. Wyatt, deceased, that the undersigned Administrator will apply to make a final settlement of said estate at the May term, 1909, of the Probate Court of Lafayette county, Missouri, to be begun and held at the probate court room in the city of Lexington, on the second Monday in May, 1909.

WILLIS COMBS, Administrator.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and other persons interested in the estate of John F. Meier, deceased, that the undersigned Administrator will apply to make a final settlement of said estate at the May term, 1909, of the Probate Court of Lafayette county, Missouri, to be begun and held at the probate court room, in the city of Lexington, on the second Monday in May, 1909.

F. B. HARRLE, Administrator.

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